

WHY THIS SILENCE.

What is the matter with Mr. Joseph Simon of Oregon? Senator-elect Joseph Simon? Are the siren pure Republican papers of Nevada going to fail to tollitate the people upon the election of a siren pure Republican in Oregon to the United States Senate in place of Senator Mitchell?

Come out of your clam-like silence, gentleman, and let us hear some of your hoarse notes. Is not Joseph Simon bona fide? Is he not a Republican of Republicans? Is he not a man after Marcus Aurelius Hanna's own heart? Then why this maidenly modesty, this coyne upon your part, in giving him his just due? It is a glorious victory for the cause you champion. Listen to his platform announced by himself through the public press. Drink in its nectar, gentlemen; not like jackasses taking castor oil:

"I am for a larger standing army and a greater navy. I am especially anxious for firmer establishment of the gold standard and reformation of the currency by retirement of Government paper obligations and the creation of a banking currency. These measures are of great urgency."

What is the matter with these sentiments, gentlemen? Is there anything in them contrary to the principles of your party? Nothing at all. Then why this painful silence? Why? Oh, why?

Oregon has been a silver State for some years. You have succeeded in stirring up dissensions among the people and manufacturing home rule issues for them to fight over until they lost sight of silver and all they had been striving for years. Senator Mitchell, after eighteen years faithful service in the Senate, where he had voted always for silver and upon the side of the people upon every question, all at once you discovered was a non-resident of the State. Horrors of horrors!

And you accomplished his defeat. In his place you sent a bona fide resident of the State—there is no question of it. He belongs to Oregon and a good part of the people belong to him. Therefore, candidly, gentlemen, why don't you shout?

Or are you waiting to see if you can't do as much for Nevada?

THREE OF A KIND.

The three big leaders of the Republican party are Hanna, Elkins and Quay. All are intimate friends and advisors of Mr. McKinley.

Hanna stands accused by the Ohio Senate of having secured his seat by bribery—a penitentiary crime.

Elkins will be remembered as one of the Star Route thieves whom the law failed to convict.

Quay is now out on bail, charged with a penitentiary crime.

Nice leaders, these, for the party of progress and purity! Sweet companions for the President of the United States—the pious and unctuous Mr. McKinley!

Fancy Abraham Lincoln associating with such cattle! Fancy the Great President hobnobbing with these shiftless felons!

From Lincoln to McKinley—from Sumner to Matt Quay—from Seward to Mark Hanna—from Stanton to Steve Elkins—how are the mighty fallen!—*Carson Appeal.*

The sittings of the International Peace Commissioners of the United States and Spain have developed into a possible solution of the two questions, viz, the Philippine and the disposition of the Cuban debt.

The Spaniards wish the United States to assume the Cuban debt and to hand over to Spain all the war material in Cuba and Porto Rico. The Philippine question was discussed and the United States Commissioners proposed to arrange a system of compensation for claims connected with this group of islands and assuming the debt, providing Spain guarantees the Cuban debt. Nothing definite was settled upon.

The President's Day at the Omaha Exposition yesterday was one of the most notable of the big show. The Presidential party escorted by President Watters and headed by a platoon of mounted police proceeded to the Grand Plaza where the formal exercises of the day occurred.

Jim Kinkead and Herman Zadig visited Candelaria Sunday and inspected the Holmes mine. Arrangements are being made with Mr. Kinkead to place some of his ore crushers in Candelaria or Belleville to work the ore from the Holmes.

The Bear Island Indians have consented to surrender and the trouble in Minnesota will be averted. The Peace Commissioners arranged matters satisfactorily.

The battleships Oregon and Iowa sailed from New York yesterday with sealed orders from Washington. Their destination is a matter of speculation.

The Mayor of St. Louis has issued a proclamation stating Friday, Oct. 13, a holiday in anticipation of a visit from President McKinley to that city.

The House of Bishops of the Episcopal Council at Washington, yesterday voted to hold the convention of 1901 at San Francisco.

AS OMDURMAN FELL.

ACTS OF VALOR AND HEROISM IN THE SUDAN FIGHT.

Twenty-first Lancers' Heroic Ride Through the Dervish Horse and Foot—Sergeant Major Brennan's Gallant Rescue.

The new moon of late August, according to Arab notions, bodes bad luck for the dervishes. It was "not a fighting moon." If it were, it would have been half on its back, trailing like a scimitar, but it was a very upright moon and encouraged the superstitions with the Anglo-Egyptian army most mightily.

The army breakfasted at 4:30 and the battle began at 5:30 in the morning, the shells from the howitzers knocking holes in the Mahdi's tomb. At 6:30 other batteries got to work; at 6:45 the dervish advance began, and by 8:30 the irresistible movement of the Anglo-Egyptian forces on Omdurman was under way. The outposts were reached at 1 p. m., the sirdar entering a little after 3 o'clock in the afternoon. One of the first places he visited was the house where Slatin Pasha was so long confined. Little water or food was had by the Anglo-Egyptians for nearly 14 hours, and as night fell their exhaustion was complete. But the fight was won, they said, "and what mattered now."

Acts of valor and heroism were common enough. Lieutenant Grenfell was killed early in a charge. Knowing that the dervishes would mutilate the body Lieutenant Montgomery and Lieutenant Fife rode back at the enemy, shot three or four of them and brought the lieutenant's body out of the melee. Trooper Byrne, fighting with desperate valor, was badly wounded, first by a dervish sword and then by a rifle bullet, but the madness of battle was upon him, and he continued to fight. His troop officer told him "to get outside."

He replied, "Do let me have one more go at them, sir." Sergeant Major George Veysey got a slash from a dervish sword which severed his nose, and almost simultaneously a spear was thrust into his chest. Blood streamed from his wounds, but he still rode firmly in his saddle and continued to cheer on his troop till the fight was over.

Lieutenant Wormald of the Seventh hussars engaged an emir single handed, and nearly came to grief. Delivering a terrific blow at the mail clad warrior, the lieutenant's sword, striking against the chain armor, bent double, as though it were lead, but before the emir could get his own sword home Wormald hit him across the head with the bent sword, and stunned him, and a lancer, opportunely coming along, finished the chieftain.

The finest display of individual heroism was made by the khalifa's brother, the famous emir Yaoub. Never did man show more supreme contempt for death. He rode at the head of a thick, dark crowd of horsemen and repeatedly tried to get to close quarters. Over and over again these horsemen galloped straight at our line, wheeled round and thundered along our face, raising dense clouds of dust as they went and leaving a trail of dead and dying men. At one moment a merciless rifle fire poured into their flank and rear, but they stopped, and, scornful to get out of range, gathered in a dense mass round Yaoub's standard and proudly faced the rain of lead. Then a great body of white clad footmen, screaming hoarsely the name of Allah and brandishing huge spears, ran at full speed across the open ground for no other purpose apparently than to die with their leader. Rifle and Maxim fire and shell from field guns swept through the mass and moved them down, and not one man out of ten reached Yaoub's standard. There they stood, with the few surviving horsemen still shouting fierce defiance at us, until not one man was left standing. So far from asking quarter, they simply hugged death.

British cavalry never did a more heroic deed than was done by the Twenty-first lancers when they rode right through 3,000 dervish horse and foot. The charge formed no part of the sirdar's plan of battle, and he did not give the word for it. Nor did it have any direct bearing upon the supreme issue of the day. But it was a superb display of military valor, and the regiment came out of it in a state of exaltation. As the lancers moved westward to cut off the retreat of the enemy, suddenly they came across a depression full of dervishes. Without an instant's hesitation Colonel Martin ordered the charge to be sounded, and in a minute or two the troopers were slashing and thrusting a way through the dense mass of the enemy. They made their way, but at no small cost, for out of a total strength of only 320 men with which the regiment went into the fray they lost no fewer than 40 killed and wounded. Several horses were quickly hamstringed, and their riders were cut to pieces by the ferocious foe. The single exception was Major Pinches. His horse was brought down to the ground, and the officer fell among the furious dervishes. Sergeant Major Brennan, who was riding ahead, saw the major's peril and gallantly returned to his assistance. After a tough fight, in the course of which Brennan killed several dervishes, he succeeded in getting the officer on to his own horse and back to the regiment. —Philadelphia Press.

Bismarck as Dr. Jekyll.
No greater contrast could possibly be imagined than that which existed between the Bismarck of private life and the Bismarck of politics. "In the home circle," writes a correspondent who knew him well, "he was perfectly charming, easy going and good natured. He was passionately fond of children, and I have seen him over and over again have a game with the little ones of his gardener, who were very familiar with him and would not hesitate to climb upon his knee."

"Once when his gardener's little girl died the great statesman went to console with him. He was dreadfully upset and while holding the poor father's hand burst into tears, for he was very fond of the child. He kissed the little corpse and himself placed a bunch of roses in its hand. He was always eager to assist his poorer neighbors and enjoyed chatting with them on all subjects but politics. These he never mentioned." —London Chronicle.

TELEGRAPHIC NOTES.

A desperate battle took place at Virden, Ill., yesterday on the arrival of a lot of negroes who had been brought there to work in the mines. Five hundred shots were exchanged between the strikers on one side and Sheriff Davenport and his deputies on the other. It is believed that twenty men at least were killed and wounded, both sides suffering losses.

Fifteen hundred armed miners met the Chicago and Alton train bearing the negroes upon its arrival. The train was stopped in front of the east gates of the stockade, and the trouble began. Shots were fired from the stockade and a policeman was killed. The strikers were too far away and the officer was evidently killed by a shot from the stockade.

Great excitement prevails and the wives of the dead miners refuse to go to their homes, but are wild with grief and anger. The greatest indignation is felt against the mine operators. Sheriff Davenport has telegraphed Governor Tanner for troops. Governor Tanner will send the troops and has given Captain Craig, who has charge, orders to suppress riot and protect life and property and to not allow imported laborers to be unloaded at that place. He says the mine owners influenced by avarice and gain have carried out their threat to precipitate riot and bloodshed and that he does not propose that they shall further disturb the peace of the State. He charges the mine owners and managers as being responsible for and guilty of murder and says they should be indicted by the Grand Jury for murder. Doctors and help have been sent to the scene.

Hully-Logan Mill Test Run.

Bob Logan has made a clean up at the Como mill and it has proven successful in every way. Four hundred and fifty tons were put through the mill and the run has demonstrated that the ore is free milling and high grade enough to pay for mill and mining and have a profit for the owners. This means considerable for Dayton and the surrounding country as it proves that the large deposits of ore in the Como range can be successfully handled. —Carson Appeal.

MARRIED.

BRIAN-PEARCE—In Reno, Oct. 12, 1898, by the Rev. W. F. Huddleston, Henry A. Brian to Miss Alice Pearce, both of Reno.

Wanted.

A girl to do general housework. Inquire at the Palace Dry Goods House. oc13tf

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520 ACRES OF LAND, ONE HUNDRED and thirty seven alfalfa meadows, the rest easily tilled and all flat land. No rocks or uneven places, with just fall enough for water to run off well. Irrigated by levee controlling water perfectly at a trifling expense and no need of gum boots; one of the finest home ranches for any kind of stock, as good grazing commons are open on all sides for summer or winter pasturing; one mile from railroad station, shipping corral, postoffice, store, etc.; title, C. P. E. E. deed, interest in ditch of 2,500 inches capacity, 50 inches now running in same, and first right of water. Also 500 tons of alfalfa hay and some little personal property.

Price for Everything, \$6,000.

Hay sold separately if desired at \$5 per ton. Apply on ground or by letter to

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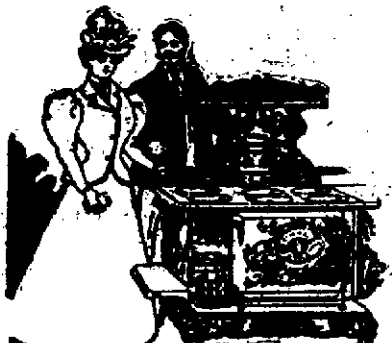
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